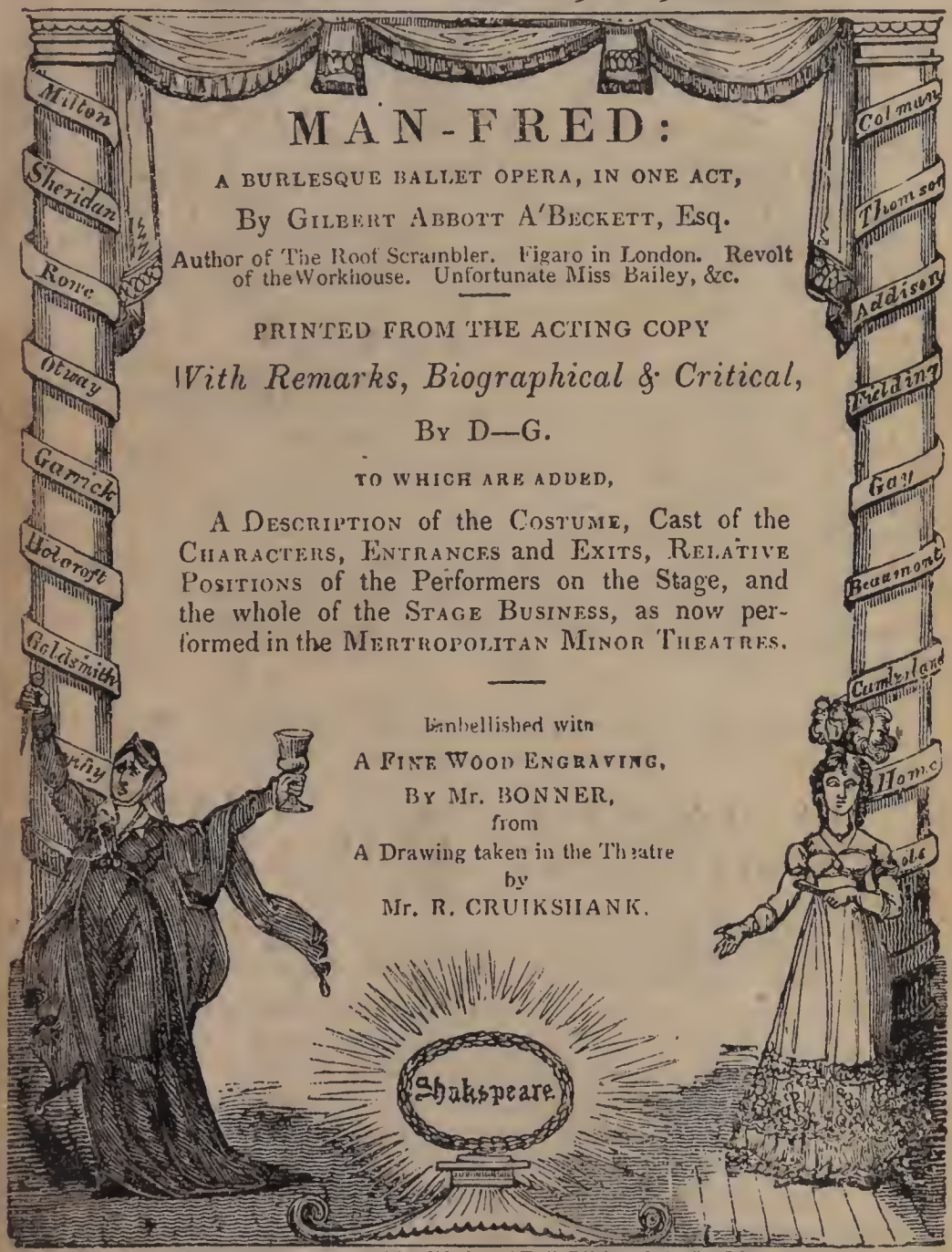
CUMBERLAND'S

No. 77. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.



MAN-FRED:

A BURLESQUE BALLET OPERA, IN ONE ACT,

By GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT, Esq.

Author of The Roof Scrambler. Figaro in London. Revolt of the Workhouse. Unfortunate Miss Bailey, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

BY D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with

A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

BY Mr. BONNER,

from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

LONDON:—SOLD BY THOMAS HURST, 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;

B. Steill; Sherwood and Co.; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster-row; Wiseheart, Dublin; Sutherland, Edinburgh; M'Phun, Glasgow; Turner and Fisher, Philadelphia; Lance Parker, W. Campbell, Madras; and, GEORGE BERGER, 42, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

SOLD BY CUMBERLAND & CO.
12 CALTON ST EDIN.R

A RE-ISSUE OF POPULAR WORKS.

In Weekly Numbers, Price Twopence,

THE OLIO;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT:

Consisting of interesting Tales, Romances, and Historiettes; Customs, Pastimes, and Superstitions; Chronology, Biography, Topography, and British Antiquities; Original Poetry; Anecdotes; Miscellaneous Papers, &c. Embellished with Splendid Engravings.

Criticisms on the Work.

"The Olio is one of the neatest little publications of the day; the engravings are beautifully executed; and, for clever originality, it is really unrivalled."—*Weekly Dispatch.*

"It has its tales and romances (with spirited wood-illustrations), its anecdotes, and even its little corner for criticism.—It is well printed on good paper; and a volume must make a very pleasant addition to the library of young friends."—*Athenæum.*

"We know no publication which can be taken up with greater certainty of affording amusement to the desultory reader."—*Literary Gazette.*

Price Threepence each, or the Numbers containing the Plates, Coloured, price Sixpence each

BERGER'S EDITION OF IRELAND'S HISTORY AND LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Detailing every Particular of his Career during the Republican, Consular, and Imperial Governments; interspersed with

Anecdotes of his Public and Private Life,

and including Biographical Memoirs of celebrated Military, Political, and Scientific Characters, who flourished from the Revolution to the termination of the Imperial Dynasty.

The Embellishments in the Work

Will consist of highly-finished Quarto Plates, representing the principal Battles of Napoleon, and other interesting subjects; engraved by Mr. George Cruikshank.

LONDON: JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN;

GEORGE BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall

0024262

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK LIBRARY

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

Man=fred.

City Charley. Odd zooks!
An't that a man up there? How queer he looks!
He's not respectable, that's my belief;
Yet he don't look exactly like a thief.

Act I. Scene 3.

MAN-FRED:

A BURLESQUE BALLET OPERA,

In One Act,

BY GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT, ESQ.

Author of The Roof Scrambler, Revolt of the Workhouse, Figaro in London, Unfortunate Miss Bailey, and St. Mark's Eve.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Man-Fred.

The Lord deliver us from the oppression of numbers! If we *must* fall the victim of tyranny, let it be under the single paw of the monarch of the forest, not the grovelling fangs of the dogs of democracy. To perish in open battle is honourable; but how base is it to be felled by the pots, pans, and spits, of the "mutable, rank-scented many!" The most arbitrary measures *against* the people have been carried in the *name* of the people; and the late chimney-sweepers' act is an admirable specimen of the humanity and absolute wisdom of patriotic, pig-headed majorities.

It is said, and we believe truly, that, in one of those morning frolics not unfrequent among our modern senators, a certain sensitive-eared legislator, feeling himself annoyed by the shrill cry of "Sweep!" betted a considerable wager with his fellow-patriot that he would stop *that* cry by act of Parliament. And he won his wager!—the hacknied plea of tenderness and kind consideration for the "lower orders" being, as usual, strenuously and successfully urged, when any measure for their oppression is meditated. The sweeps, however, must be the best judges; and they cry out (but not in the streets) against the cruelty of this novel and absurd restriction; and, though we have laughed heartily at the unique phraseology and grotesque sorrows of the complaining "Chummies," when the rapacious informer has brought them before the bar of justice for violating this obnoxious act, we have commisserated their forlorn condition, deprived as they are of the most ready and successful means of prosecuting their itinerant trade.—While all the other multitudinous cries of London are screamed in full chorus with impunity, the "Chummie" is rigorously forbid to contribute his stave, though a chorister of equal harmony and strength of lungs; because, forsooth, there is no sympathy between his calling and

the delicate tastes of his betters, "who never eats no soot!"

The compassionate Elia, in one of his delightful essays, draws an affecting picture of the poor little sweep. On a cold, dark, wintry morning, he had too often been roused out of a peaceful slumber by the shrill, mournful cry of this forlorn epitome of human degradation and misery;—and Elia was a rare child of humanity, which the apathetical, political-economy demagogues of the present day, who affect to patronise the poor, in order more dangerously to excite and play upon their passions and prejudices, are not. The gentle Elia, contrasting his own warm bed of down with the hard straw pallet, from which the sooty little chorister had perchance been driven at that untimely hour by his tyrannical task-master, vented his generous indignation against the apparently inhuman calling; and when a heart so tender and charitable as Elia's could feel indignation, bitter must have been the provocation and the crime! But we are not quite sure that the hardships of the little sweep have not been exaggerated. "*De Gustibus*" goes a great way towards reconciling seeming improbabilities; and we have been surprised, and perhaps half pleased, to learn that the *chimney*, with its juvenile professors, has, in very many cases, been actually a matter of choice. One particular case we know of a young aspirant, who, while his play-mates were clambering up trees, birds'-nesting, would take the first flue that was accessible; preferring to the best game at hoop, a hollow from the chimney-pot! The sweep, with his brilliant white teeth, and Sunday clean-washed face (barring a little black rim round his eyes, that seems immovable), is for the most part a cheerful, healthy-looking being. Not so the squalid, decrepid factory lad—broken-spirited, overworked, and half-starved! The little sweep, in process of time, may become "a Master Chummie," and have (without being obliged to sweep it himself) a chimney of his own; but the factory lad, for whom our hyper-humanity legislators have neither compunction nor pity, sees no prospect of ever emerging from his heart-sickening toil and hopeless dependence: he feels the curse of Cain press heavily upon him. The little sweep has his merry May-day, with its rampant jigs, gingling money-box, gilt-paper cocked-hat, and many-coloured dress-coat and inexpressibles: all days are alike to the factory lad;—"e'en Sunday shines no sabbath-day to *him*;"—*his* rest will be the sabbath of the tomb!

In Man-Fred we behold an active master sweep, with no business, alas! wherein to be active. He curses, and with good reason, the fatal Act,

> " Becos
> It's made the trade by no means what it was !"

He rejoices in his proficiency in the art of climbing:

> " To him, the inaccessible high tops
> Of houses are but skips, and jumps, and hops !"

but the gagging Act has paralized his wonted energies.—He

> " Sees a chimney blaze, and cries, Blaze on !"

His flame, Ann Starkie, is a sister in misfortune: her trade is at a stand, since the burly beadle drove her from one in St. Paul's Churchyard, and kicked down her apple-stall! She, however, being more than ordinarily intellectual, finds consolation in philosophy, and reasons with logical precision on a slender kitchen rushlight (eight to the pound) becoming, by gradual expansion, a drawing-room four! Man-Fred, in a fit of despair, in consequence of Parliament having stopped the pipes of his climbing-boys, mounts a pile of stones in the street, where the gas-pipes are being repaired, and is about to precipitate himself into the chasm, when he is prevented by a watchman, who recommends him, if he is tired of life, to a-bridge it from that of Waterloo. Some good fun with the spirits of our popular Italian vocalists and figurantes, aided by appropriate music, concludes the burlesque. Mr. Mitchell, a performer almost new to the London boards, gained great celebrity by his quaintly-comical representation of Man-Fred. We hope that his merits, which are of a peculiarly amusing and original cast, will meet with due encouragement among the many theatres of the metropolis.

☞ D.——G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

	Strand. Dec. 26, 1834.	*Victoria.* 1835.
Man-Fred (an active Master Sweep, with no Business, and who therefore has no business to be active) . . .	Mr. Mitchell.	Mr. Mitchell.
City Charley (a Watchman) .	Mr. Chippendale.	Mr. Doyne.
Ann Starkie	Miss P. Horton.	Miss P. Horton.

SPIRITS AND DUSTY ONES.

Perrot (Spirit of Pirouettes)	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Oxberry.
Tamburini (a Bass Spirit) . .	Mr. Dubochet.	Mr. Dubochet.
Ivanoff (a Spirit pursuing the Tenor of his way)	Mr. Kerridge.	Mr. Kerridge.
Taglioni (Spirit of Dancing)	Mlle. Josephine.	Mlle. Josephine.
Grisi (Spirit of several Airs) .	Miss P. Horton.	Miss P. Horton.
Fanny Elsler (a stout Spirit)	Miss Gillman.	Miss Gillman.

Spirits of the Chimnies, Messrs. Kerridge, W. Horton, and Miss Booth (*the Infant Prodigy, only three years of age.*)

Other Spirits by other Bodies.

Costume.

MAN-FRED.—Puce-coloured coat—shabby genteel striped waistcoat—black velvet breeches—black silk stockings—shoes—small black hat—long black hair.

CITY CHARLEY.—Watchman's drab great coat—slouched hat—woollen comforter—staff and lantern.

ANN STARKIE.—Coloured cotton gown—white apron and cap.

SPIRITS AND DUSTY ONES.

PERROT *(Dress of Apollo.)*—White kerseymere shirt, trimmed with silver—flesh dress—blue drapery—sandals—wreath of laurel on the breast.

TAMBURINI *(Dress of Henry VIII.)*—Crimson velvet and gold mantle, edged with ermine—brown and gold doublet and trunks—white hose—white shoes—garter—sword and gauntlets.

IVANOFF.—Crimson Greek dress—Grecian cap and leggings.

SPIRITS OF THE CHIMNIES.—Sweeps' black dresses.

TAGLIONI.—Shot dress of white and silver tissue.

GRISI.—White muslin.

FANNY ELSLER.—Pink satin.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R.C. *Right of Centre;* L.C. *Left of Centre;* D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage;* C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat;* R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat;* L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat;* R.D. *Right Door;* L.D. *Left Door;* S.E. *Second Entrance;* U.E. *Upper Entrance:* C.D. *Centre Door.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

MAN-FRED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Cellar of Man-Fred—a common check curtain concealing a bed,* C. F.

MAN-FRED *discovered sitting on a high stool, with an empty porter pot.*

Man. This pot must be replenish'd; but I think
It ne'er would hold as much as I could drink.
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But interrupted by a cry of Sweep!
And yet I hear it not, although I bear
The name of sweep: the business is not there.
I mourn and curse the fatal Act—becos
It's made the trade by no means what it was.
The chimney sweeping art I've toil'd to learn,
And of each flue am up to every turn;
But this avails not: labour I've endured,
Some of the smokiest chimneys I have cured.
But this avails not; I have been opposed,
And all who have set up against me closed.
But this avails not: industry or skill,
A large connection, and a fine good-will,
Have been to me as nothing, since the law
Was pass'd which tells the sweep to hold his jaw.
I have no hope—my love of work is gone,
I see a chimney blaze, and cry, Blaze on!
But to my task: Ye little 'prentice lads—
Ye foundlings—ye that never knew your dads—
Who, black yourselves, in sooty essence dwell,
And love the dingy cellar passing well,

To whom the inaccessible high tops
Of houses are but skips, or jumps, or hops,
I call upon ye, by the indentures here,
Which give me power o'er you,—rise !—appear !
[*A pause.*
They wake not yet : now, by a slice of bread,
On which the first that rises shall be fed,
Or by May-day, which comes but once a-year,
I do invoke ye. Rise ! get up ! appear ! [*A pause.*
If it be so, you shall not thus elude
My call ; this inattention's worse than rude.
But here's a power [*Advancing to a pitcher, and taking it up.*] more potent than the rest ;
Clean water is a thing you all detest.
If you don't wake, I'll duck you—don't you hear ?
Get up, you lazy rascals ! rise—appear !
[*The curtain draws, and discovers three Sweeps in bed,* C. F.—*The first Sweep Boy rises from the bed to the music of "The Merry Swiss Boy."*
First S. Master, yielding to thy law,
Rising from my bed of straw,
Which is covered with the bags,
To soften it, with dingy rags,
I get up, and wish to know
For what it was you hollow'd so ?
Second S. You know the monarch of chimnies,—
I swept him long ago,
With a six-foot brush, of the strongest rush,
And a scraper as long as a hoe.
I'm the best hand in all the trade,—
Could sweep a gas-pipe white :
Why from my bed, in which I'm laid,
Do you wake me up to-night ?
Third S. I, who sweep the smallest flue,
Why am I woke up by you ?
The Three Sweeps together. Why have you set up this noise,
To disturb your climbing boys ?
Man. I call you up to ask the reason why
You earn so little money ?
First S. Master, fie !
We can but give you what we earn, you know :
How can we help it, if the trade's so so ?
Man. You mock me, and I've call'd you up in vain ;
So you may all three go to—bed again.

Yet, hold!—I know not what the deuce I'm at;
I'll take a walk—where is my Sunday hat?

[*Music, "Cherry Ripe."*

The form of ANN STARKIE *appears at the opening of the cellar above—she holds an apple in her hand.*

Ann. Who'll buy my apples? Here—the best I've got,
To boil or roast—a halfpenny a lot!

Man. [*Starting, and looking up.*] Is that a vision?—
Like to heated oil
My thick blood burns!

Ann. [*Disappearing.*] The very thing to boil!

Man. If that were real, I were happy still;
But she has vanish'd: oh! I'm taken ill!
'Twas like Ann Starkie, but it could not be;
She would not offer apples unto me:
My want of cash to that would be a stopper;
And, boiling apples, too!—I've not a copper!
What shall I do? Shall I my cellar keep,
Or madly brave the Act, and call out Sweep?
No, no! 'tis vain: I'll go, but will be hushed;
My spirits, like an opera-hat, all crushed!

[ANN STARKIE *re-appears, and throws an apple at him—he falls, and the scene closes to hurried music.*

SCENE II.—*The Strand.*

Enter ANN STARKIE, R., *with a basket of apples.*

Ann. Apples, here—apples, oh!—in vain I roar;
No one will buy—it cuts me to the core.
"The trade is at a stand," the people whine:
If it be at a stand, 'tis not at mine.
In vain down Fleet Street with my wares I go;
Though Fleet they call the street, its trade is slow.
On Ludgate Hill, no customers at all;
I cannot sell a penn'orth by St. Paul;
So I've come here, because I understand,
The public's very liberal in the Strand.
Oh, dear! my head's *distrocted;* love has ta'en
A place for one within my wretched brain.
Yes, my Man-Fred fills my heart to a tittle;
It fits him like a coat—all but too little.

But times are now so hard, one cannot wed;
I've got no cash—no more has my Man-Fred.
That horrible new Act has marr'd his pleasure;
It really was a very sweeping measure.
A thousand feelings agitate my breast,
By which my love for Man-Fred is confest;
Yes, like a steam-engine, my bosom jumps
Against my chest, giving enormous thumps.
What can it be?—Alas! it does but prove
That with the sweep I madly am in love.
I'm mad! I don't care twopence where I goes,
But wander onwards, following my nose.
No matter—on my overshadow'd fate
Hope's light gleams faintly, like a kitchen eight;
But of hope's candles time expands the wicks,—
The kitchen eight becomes a parlour six!
And then, expanding gradually more,
The parlour six—behold! a drawing-room four!
Oh! such philosophy my spirit cheers,
And from my cheek dries up the gushing tears.
As fresh silk buttons on an old surtout
Make it, if not too seedy, look like new,
So does philosophy revive the breast
That, with its misery, is sore opprest.

Enter Apple-women with baskets, L.

SONG.—Ann Starkie.

Air, "*We met—'twas in a crowd.*"

We met—'twas in the Strand; I thought him good-looking:
He came—I gave him some nice beef-steak I'd been cooking.
He ate a precious lot, and his manners quite won me;
He sang—his fine deep voice I fancied would stun me.
I wore my new white gown, and I rivalled its whiteness,
I was so greatly struck with my Man-Fred's politeness.
'Tis hard, though, my poor heart he can't let me keep, Oh!—
Oh! you have been the cause of its loss, my dear sweep, Oh!

A DANCE.—*Ann Starkie and Apple-women.*

[*Exeunt,* L.

SCENE III.—*Fleet Street—a rope hung across from* R. *to* L., *from which are suspended two lighted lanterns—the gas-pipes are being repaired.—The scene opens to slow music—air, "Robin Adair."*

MAN-FRED *discovered standing on the gas-pipes, which are lying on a heap of stones,* L. C.

Man. My cilmbing-boys to look for work are gone,
And here am I alone—alone—alone!
I've wander'd out—for what? I do not know.
How came I perch'd up here? I look below,
And see the gas-pipes branching from the main;
And then I see them joining it again.
The gas that lights the city up, they hold
Mankind's sagacity in that is told;
But all the gas that all the Wallsend coal
Could make, will never light my darken'd soul!
You, too, ye stones! upon whose piled-up heap
I stand, and see beneath an awful leap;
I look below—zounds! what a long way down!
I wouldn't jump it not for half-a-crown!
Something, I'm certain, moved: ah! what was that?
Am I mistaken?—No; it was a rat!

City Charley. [*Crying without*, R.] Past twelve!

Man. Ah, hark!—I hear the well-remember'd note,—
The music of the passing watchman's throat;
For this is in the city, where still rise
The passing watchman's time-proclaiming cries.

Enter CITY CHARLEY, *with a staff and lantern,* R.

Cha. (R. C.) I thought I heard a talking here. Odd zooks!
An't that a man up there?—How queer he looks!
He's not respectable, that's my belief;
Yet he don't look exactly like a thief.
His dangerous position makes me stare;
I wonder how the deuce he got up there.
He looks so so, because his coat is seedy;
A decent person, probably, but needy.
I, as a watchman, ought to see him clearer;
Therefore, I'll go at once a little nearer.

Man. [*Not seeing him.*] Ye omnibusses! that come
rattling down,
Full galloping through every street in town;
Ye cabs! that kill your five or six per day;
Ye hackney-coaches! why thus keep away?
Why come ye not and crush me?—No, you kill
Those victims only who'd be living still!

Cha. It's every minute getting now more dark:
I wonder if the gemman wants a lark?
I'll warn him to come down; for if his track
He does but lose, he'll come a precious whack!

Man. It's getting dark (at least it will be soon);
Somebody has been snuffing out the moon!
I'm getting rather giddy, and I feel
As if my brains were dancing a Scotch reel.

Cha. The gentleman is clearly in a funk:
I hope, for goodness' sake, he isn't drunk!
I must be cautious, nor approach too near,
Lest I should startle him. [*Calling.*] Ho! do you hear?
Young chap, upon my word, I rather think
You're getting much too close to that there brink.

Man. [*Not hearing him.*] I'll take a jump; no longer
will I stop:
What is a bruise to me? or what a whop?
They'll take me to the hospital, I know,
And there they'll feed me well: so here I go.

Cha. [*Seizing him just as he is about to spring.*] Hold,
madman! What the devil are you at?
What, plunge among the gas-pipes?—none of that!
You must not here come dashing out your brains;
Blood makes a shocking mess; you know it stains.
If you're for suicide, there's the water's ridge;
On Waterloo your life you can abridge.

Man. Nay, do not hold me back: sir, you, intrude;
This interruption's rather worse than rude.
I, surely, in a country that is free,
Can kill myself, if it so pleases me.

Cha. Not in this parish—we don't like the bother;
But you can do it, sir, in any other.
Now come along with me; put one foot so,—
Be cautious, or, good gracious! down you'll go.
Now here, now there. Mercy! what are ye at?
This mud's like walking upon mutton fat.
Gently; now hold my coat, sir, by the skirt;
Don't tug, or we shall both be in the dirt.

Come on—good gracious! Now the other leg;
I thought I soon should take you down a peg.
We're safe; and now, sir, come along with me,
For you I'll make a nice hot cup of tea.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in a Public-House.*

Enter MAN-FRED *and* CITY CHARLEY, *with a pint of beer*, R.

Cha. Nay, don't go yet; it is not very late;
Besides, you're not exactly in a state.
Man. Not in a state! What do you mean by that?
I know, sir, to a shaving, what I'm at.
Cha. Thy old black socks and velvet breeches, too,
Proclaim you are not very well to do.
One of the many sweeps, whose cellars lie
About St. Giles's neighbourhood, hard by,—
Pray which of these may you its master call?
No gammon, sir, with me—I know them all.
Man. No matter.
Cha. (c.) Well, at me you need not snap:
Will you have half-a-pint of beer, young chap?
Man. Thank you, I'd positively rather not.
What do I see? There's blood upon the pot!
Cha. What are you up to? I begin to think
You're mad, young gentleman;—why won't you drink?
Man. I say, again, there's blood upon the pot!
Cha. And, I reply, decidedly there's not.
I'm sure you're mad, young man, but let us parley:
Do you know what I am?
Man. A city charley!
Now question me no more; I'm off—good night!
Cha. [*Aside.*] I'm sure that gentleman is not quite right.

SONG.—MAN-FRED.

AIR, "*Alice Grey.*"

It's all along with Parliament;
It's too bad, sir!—it's a shame
I mayn't call out, if I should see
A chimbley all in flame.

I swept more than another sweep,—
Twelve chimnies in a day;
But the Act—the Act has taken
My business all away!

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE V.—*The Saloon in the Opera House.*

Enter ANN STARKIE, *disguised as Madame Grisi*, L.

Ann. Well, here I am; I must have had some nouse
To get so well into the Opera House.
My poor Man-Fred, they tell me, comes and walks
About the place, and of lost business talks;
He used the Opera chimnies all to sweep,
But now there's no one here a fire to keep;
But I've a plan that will surprise him: oh!
In this disguise his Ann he'll never know.
As he believes in spirits, 'twill be easy
To make him think that I'm the shade of Grisi.
Then my companions, who are all met here,
As other spirits to him will appear;
But as I've got a singer's part to fill,
I'd better try my voice—and so I will.

SONG.—ANN STARKIE.

AIR, "*Una voce poco fa.*"

Here my voice I think I'll try,—
In this place it will resound;
I can go immensely high,
Then down again quite to the ground.
Yes, I'll try it with a song,
Just about three minutes long;
There just now is no one near,—
If I fail, there's none to hear.
Therefore, I need have no fear,
If I find my voice is queer.
I'm fit for the Opera,
I'm quite certain;
No one could be properer
Before the curtain.

[*Exit*, R.

SCENE VI.—*The Inside of the Opera House.*

Music, "Adieu, thou dreary Pile!"

Enter MAN-FRED, L.

Man. This is the Opera; but, ah! I see
It is not now the thing it used to be.
Where are the Pasta's heart-subduing sounds?
Where now are Taglioni's graceful bounds?
Where is the audience?—And where can be——
But, oh! the question's useless—the lessee?
I'll try my voice, in practice just to keep:
"Swcep, ho!"

Four single echoes are heard, R. *and* L., *then all together.* "Sweep!"

Man. Why, what a charming echo! 'Pon my word,
It is the sweetest that I ever heard.
Echo has taken ev'ry box and stall,
The only thing that answers to my call;
Echo is in the pit, and fills the gallery;
But echo cannot pay an actor's salary.
Where are the singers? Oh, they do not hear!
Where are the dancers? why don't they appear?
Spirit of little Perrot! hither come;
This is, you're well aware, your proper home.

[*Music.*

Enter the SPIRIT OF PERROT, R.

Spirit of Perrot. Ah! who is this?—Who can the intruder be?
Is it that fated wretch, a new lessee?

[*Hurried music.*

Enter the SPIRITS OF THE CHIMNEYS, R. *and* L.—*they dance with their backs to the audience, as if on the stage of the Opera House, forming a circle—Man-Fred in the centre, with his face to the audience.*

Enter the SPIRITS OF TAMBURINI, IVANOFF, *and* TAGLIONI, *two* SWEEPS, *and* LADIES, R.

Man. I come not here to talk with you; but, stay:
Who the deuce are you all?—This instant say!

[*Music.*

[*They dance round, forming a half-circle facing the audience—Man-Fred gets to the left.*

Spirit of Perrot. We are the shades of those engaged: we ought
To open now the doors—ouvrez la porte!

Omnes. Ouvrez la porte!

Man. (L.) I know not that; nor have I ought to do
With what you hint at. [*To Tamburini.*] Now, sir, who are you?

[*The Spirit of Tamburini advances,* L. C.

RECITATIVE.—THE SPIRIT OF TAMBURINI, *(as Henry the Eighth.)*

Where's the great lessee? In vain I search the place:
For a bass singer, this is conduct base!
Where, in the earth, shall I find the lessee?—Oh!
I wonder where the devil he can be—oh!

[*Retires up,* L. C.

The SPIRIT OF IVANOFF *advances,* R. C.

AIR.—*The* SPIRIT OF IVANOFF, *"Vivi tu," in Anna Boleyna.*

Will you me engage
For your stage?
I entreat you—prithee, do.
I am quite, sir, in a rage;
Then engage,—
Then quickly, prithee, do!
You can ne'er conceive what I can do:
With the music high ascending,
Shakes and quavers never ending;
Your cash you can't be better spending.
Then engage me—prithee, do!

[*Retires up,* R. C.

Man. Oh, now I see—here's Taglioni, too,
And Fanny Elsler.—Bless me! how d'ye do?
Ah! I perceive; but still I do not see
The greatest spirit—Grisi; where is she?

Enter ANNE STARKIE *as the Spirit of Madame Grisi*, C. F. *—she advances*, C., *and sings the Prayer in Anne Boleyn.*

RECITATIVE.

Spirit of Grisi. [*To Man-Fred.*] If thou art the lessee, the doors unclose, oh!
Out of engagements all us it throws, oh!
I was engaged at an enormous sum:
Oh, say—say, why don't he come?
However, I will claim my whole year's salary,
And I appeal to boxes, pit, and gallery.

Spirit of Perrot. Sir, it's too bad: I've come, engaged from France,
And now I find there's no where I can dance.

Spirit of Grisi. What shall we do?

Spirit of Perrot. I feel inclin'd, I vow,
To kick up here a devil of a row.
I want my salary: don't I leap much higher
Than a roast chestnut bounding from the fire?
And Tamburini——

Man. Him full well I know:
He's paid so high, because he sings so low.

Spirit of Perrot. Here we are all at sixes and at seven.
[*To Man-Fred.*] Are you the manager?

Man. Forbid it, Heaven!
If I engage you, say, what can you do?

Spirit of Perrot. Stand on one leg much longer than on two.
I'll do my best to please, whate'er it is.

Man. You need not fear, then, in a house like this;
Will each one do the same?

Omnes. We are agreed.

Man. Then I'll engage you, for you must succeed!
[*To the audience.*
Since, to appear before you, they have come,
Will you consent that this shall be their home?

[*Grand burlesque pas de trois by Perrot, Taglioni, and Fanny Elsler—shouts—after which, a tremendous crash—with a grand burlesque tableau as the curtain falls.*

THE END.

CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH AND MINOR THEATRE:

COMPRISING ALL THE BEST

Tragedies—Comedies—Operas—Farces—Melodrams, and Interludes,

WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

THIS Work is correctly marked with the Stage Business of the Metropolitan Theatres, and from its great utility is universally patronised by the Theatrical Profession, and is in constant use for Prompt and Part Books, in the London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and American Theatres.

Each Play is embellished with a highly finished full-length Portrait of a celebrated Performer, in a favourite character, engraved on Steel, from an original Drawing by Mr. Wageman, or Mr. Buss; or an interesting Scene, engraved by Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LIST OF THE PLAYS ALREADY PUBLISHED,

Price 6d. each, a few very expensive Copyrights 1s. each.

VOL. I.

1 Romeo and Juliet
2 She Stoops to Conquer
3 Macbeth
4 Pizarro
5 Richard III.
6 Douglas
7 Suspicious Husband

VOL. II.

8 Othello
9 The Duenna
10 The Rivals
11 Belle's Stratagem
12 Cymbeline
13 Venice Preserved
14 The West Indian

VOL. III.

15 Much Ado about Nothing
16 The Hypocrite
17 As You Like it
18 Provoked Husband
19 The Beggar's Opera
20 Way to Keep Him
21 The Padlock

VOL. IV.

22 King John
23 Henry IV. Part I.
24 The Wonder
25 Hamlet
26 Trip to Scarborough
27 The Road to Ruin
28 The Gamester

VOL. V.

29 The Winter's Tale
30 Man of the World
31 The Inconstant
32 Love in a Village
33 Jane Shore
34 King Henry VIII.
35 Julius Cæsar

VOL. VI.

36 Merchant of Venice
37 Merry Wives of Windsor
38 Virginius, 1s.
39 Caius Gracchus
40 All in the Wrong
41 King Lear
42 Cato

VOL. VII.

43 New way to pay Old Debts
44 Measure for Measure
45 The Jealous Wife
46 The Tempest
47 Clandestine Marriage
48 Coriolanus
49 Every One has his Fault

VOL. VIII.

50 The Alcaid
51 The Busy Body
52 Tale of Mystery
53 Know your Own Mind
54 Mayor of Garratt
55 A woman never vext
56 The Maid of the Mill

VOL. IX.

57 Barber of Seville
58 Isabella
59 Charles the Second
60 The Fair Penitent
61 George Barnwell
62 The Fall of Algiers
63 Der Freischutz

VOL. X.

64 The Fatal Dowry
65 Shepherd of Derwent Vale
66 Father and Son
67 Wives as they were
68 Lofty Projects
69 Every Man in his Humour
70 Two Galley Slaves

VOL. XI.

71 Brutus, 1s.
72 Ali Pacha
73 Twelfth Night
74 Henry the Fifth
75 Love in humble life
76 Child of Nature
77 The Sleep Walker

VOL. XII.

78 Orestes in Argos
79 Hide and Seek
80 Tribulation
81 The Rival Valets
82 Roses and Thorns
83 Midas
84 Rule a Wife and have a Wife

VOL. XIII.

85 A Bold Stoke for a Wife.
86 Good-natured Man
87 Oberon
88 Lord of the Manor
89 The Honey-Moon
90 Doctor Bolus
91 High Life below stairs

VOL. XIV.

92 Disagreeable Surprise
93 The Stranger
94 Village Lawyer
95 School for Scandal
96 The Spoiled Child
97 Animal Magnetism
98 Wheel of Fortune

VOL. XV.

99 The Critic
100 Deaf and Dumb
101 The Castle Spectre
102 The Revenge
103 Midnight Hour
104 Speed the Plough, 1s
105 Rosina

VOL. XVI.

106 Monsieur Tonson
107 Comedy of Errors
108 The Spectre Bridegroom
109 A Cure for the Heart-ache, 1s.
110 Amateurs & Actors
111 Inkle and Yarico
112 Education

VOL. XVII.

113 Children in the Wood
114 Rendezvous
115 Barbarossa
116 Gambler's Fate
117 Giovanni in London
118 School of Reform 1s
119 Lovers' Vows

VOL. XVIII.

120 Highland Reel
121 Two Gentlemen of Verona
122 Taming the Shrew
123 Secrets worth knowing, 1s.
124 Weathercock
125 Somnambulist
126 All's well that ends well

VOL. XIX.

127 Artaxerxes
128 The Serf, 1s.
129 The Lancers
130 Love for Love
131 The Merchant's Wedding, 1s.
132 Race for a Dinner
133 Raising the Wind

VOL. XX.

134 Siege of Belgrade
135 Who wants a Guinea, 1s.
136 Poor Soldier
137 Midsummer Night's Dream
138 The Way to get Married, 1s.
139 Turnpike Gate
140 Paul and Virginia

VOL. XXI.

141 The Cabinet, 1s.
142 Youthful Queen
143 Green-eyed monster
144 Country Girl
145 Irish Tutor
146 Beaux' Stratagem
147 The Will, 1s.

VOL. XXII.

148 Irishman in London
149 Recruiting Officer
150 The Shave, 1s.
151 The Devil's Elixir
152 "Master's Rival"
153 The Duel
154 William Tell, 1s.

VOL. XXIII.

155 Tom Thumb
156 Happiest Day of my Life
157 Fatality
158 Laugh when you can, 1s.
159 William Thompson
160 Illustrious Stranger
161 Soldier's Daughter
162 The Waterman
163 Town and Country

VOL. XXIV.

164 No Song no Supper
165 Lock and Key
166 Snakes in the Grass
167 Love, Law & Physic
168 Rienzi, 1s.
169 Clari
170 The Brigand
171 Riches, 1s.
172 The Citizen

VOL. XXV.

173 Grecian Daughter
174 Charles the XII, 1s
175 Teddy the Tiler
176 Popping the Question
177 The Maid of Judah, 1s
178 X. Y. Z.
179 Oroonoko
180 Honest Thieves
181 The Blind Boy

VOL. XXVI.

182 Notoriety, 1s.
183 Matrimony
184 A Husband at Sight
185 First of April
186 John of Paris
187 The Miller and his Men, 1s.
188 Prisoner at Large
189 Timon of Athens
190 The Prize

VOL XXVII.

191 Henry IV. Part II.
192 Forty Thieves
193 My Grandmother
194 The Vampire
195 The Farmer
196 Ella Rosenberg
197 The Two Friends
198 Valentine and Orson
199 Folly as it flies

VOL. XXVIII.

200 The Robber's Wife
201 Magpie, or the Maid
202 Shakspeare's Early Days
203 Point of Honour
204 High Ways and By Ways
205 The Ice Witch
206 St. Patrick's Day
207 The Blind Bargain
208 Robinson Crusoe

VOL. XXIX.

209 The Maid of Honor
210 Sleeping Draught,
211 Timour the Tartar
212 Modern Antiques
213 King Richard II.
214 Mrs. Wiggins
215 Comfortable Lodgings
216 The Exile, 1s.
217 Day after the Wedding
218 The Adopted Child

VOL. XXX.

219 The Bride of Ludgate, 1s.
220 Tekeli
221 Old and Young
222 The Bee Hive
223 Hartford Bridge
224 Two Strings to your Bow
225 The Haunted Inn
226 How to grow Rich, 1s
227 Fortune's Frolic
228 The Haunted Tower

VOL XXXI.

229 Killing no Murder
230 Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
231 The Antiquary 1s.
232 Agreeable Surprise
233 Son-in-Law
234 Open House
235 Falls of Clyde
236 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Advertisement
237 Peeping Tom of Coventry

VOL. XXXII.

238 Castle of Andalusia 1s
239 One o'Clock!
240 Julian, 1s.
241 Comus
242 Fontainbleau
243 English Fleet
244 The Widow, or who wins
245 The Camp
246 Personation

VOL. XXXIII.

247 Maid or Wife
248 Castle of Sorrento
249 Faustus, 1s.
250 All at Coventry.
251 Tom and Jerry.
252 Robert the Devil.
253 Lestocq.
254 Cataract of the Ganges.
255 Old Regimentals.

VOL. XXXIV.

256 Presumptive Evidence
257 Wild Oats
258 Hit or Miss
259 Ambition
260 The Jew and the Doctor
261 The Knights of the Cross

VOL. I. to XXXI. may be had in boards, Price £7. 6s. 6d.

CUMBERLAND'S

Minor Theatre.

VOL. I.

1 The Pilot
2 Heart of Mid-lothian
3 Inchcape Bell
4 Mason of Buda
5 The Scapegrace
6 Suil Dhuv the coiner
7 The Earthquake
8 "My Old Woman"
9 Massianello

VOL. II.

10 Don Giovanni
11 Paul Jones
12 Luke the Labourer
13 Crazy Jane
14 Flying Dutchman
15 Yes!!!
16 Forest Oracle
17 Ivanhoe
18 Floating Beacon

VOL. III.

19 Sylvana
20 Tom Bowling
21 Innkeeper of Abbeville
22 Lady of the Lake
23 Billy Taylor
24 Two Gregories
25 Wandering Boys
26 Paris and London
27 A Day after the Fair

VOL. IV.

28 Humphrey Clinker
29 Mischief-Making
30 Joan of Arc
31 The Ruffian Boy
32 Fortunes of Nigel
33 The Wreck
34 Every-body's Husband
35 Banks of the Hudson
36 Guy Faux

VOL V.

37 The Devil's Ducat
38 Mazeppa
39 Mutiny at the Nore
40 Pedlar's Acre
41 "No!!!"
42 Peveril of the Peak
43 Thalaba
44 Waverley
45 Winning a Husband

VOL. VI.

46 Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol
47 Paul Clifford
48 Damon and Pythias
49 Three Hunchbacks
50 Tower of Nesle
51 Sworn at Highgate
52 Mary Glastonbury
53 The Red Rover
54 Golden Farmer.

VOL. VII.

55 Grace Huntley
56 "The Sea!"
57 Clerk of Clerkenwell
58 Hut of the Red Mountain
59 John Street, Adelphi
60 Lear of Private Life
61 John Overy.
62 Spare Bed.
63 Smuggler's Daughter

VOL. VIII.

64 Cedar Chest
65 Wardock Kennilson
66 The Shadow
67 Ambrose Gwinett
68 Gilderoy
69 Fate of Calas
70 The Young Reefer
71 Revolt of the Workhouse
72 The Man and the Marquis

VOL. IX.

73 Gipsy Jack
74 Lurline
75 The Fire Raiser
76 The Golden Calf
77 Man-Fred

A List of the Portraits.

Miss Phillips
Mr. Young
Miss Chester
Mr. Macready
Mrs. Bunn
Mrs. West
Miss Smithson
Mad. Vestris
Miss M. Tree
Mr. Wallack
Mr. Kean
Mr. C. Kemble
Mr. W. Farren
Miss Vincent
Mr. Harley
Mr. Jones
Mr. Mathews
Mr. Kean, jun.
Miss Foote
Miss Paton
Miss Love
Mr. T. P. Cooke
Mr. Braham
Mr. Power
Mr. Elliston
Mr. Fitzwilliam
Mr. J. Reeve
Mr. Liston
Miss Graddon
Miss F. Kemble
Mr. Dowton
Miss E. Tree
Mr. W. H. Williams
Mr. O. Smith
Mr. Keeley
Mr. Cooper
Mr. Webster
Mr. Osbaldiston

London: Published by John Cumberland, No. 2, Cumberland Terrace, Camden New Town; Sold by G. Berger, 42, Holywell-street, Strand; and T. Hurst 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.